

aside for him,—the Choctaw nation. May he bring many converts to the faith.

Now a word about the present Creek form of government. The nation is ruled by a principal chief and a second chief. Isparihach is the name of its present principal chief. He is a venerable old full-blood Indian, and resides at Okmulgee. His advisory board is composed of a body of representatives called the house of warriors and a senate called the house of kings. The officials are elected every four years. Each citizen, it matters not where he may be living, has to go to his own town to vote. They have no jails and seem to need none. Military and police duties are performed by a body of men called the Lighthorse. All cases in which white citizens are involved are referred to the United States Government for settlement.

L. C., O.S.B.

### MOTTO FOR THE NEW YEAR.

I asked the New Year to give me some motto sweet,  
A rule of life by which to guide my feet.

I asked and paused—it answered soft and low,  
“God’s will to know!”

“Will knowledge then suffice for me?” I cried,  
And paused again. But ere the question died  
The answer came, “Nay, remember, too,  
God’s will to do!”

Once more I asked, “Is this all you’ve to tell?”  
And once again the answer sweetly fell,  
“Yes, this *one* thing, ’tis all the rest above:  
God’s will to love!”

### First Abbot of Sacred Heart.

The sons of St. Benedict of Sacred Heart, Oklahoma Territory, were indeed gladdened on the 11th of November. The occasion was the blessing of Rt. Rev. Thomas Duperon, O. S. B., as the first abbot of the newly erected abbey of Sacred Heart. Near on to the quarter century mile post marks their work; the prayer and teaching of these

men who left all that is dear to the human heart for Him who promises an eternity of joy for the sacrifices made here below. Far into the wilds of Oklahoma have those soldiers of the cross founded a house of rest where work is prayer, since work for God is man’s noblest duty on earth.

Many were the preparations for this joyful gathering. Several of the fathers whose mission work is miles away from the abbey, journeyed thither with hearts that felt a joy so new that their trials were all forgotten. Many had the company of his lordship the Rt. Rev. Edward Joseph Dunne, D.D., Bishop of Dallas, Texas, whose genial manner and generous soul won him many friends. Thirty miles (it used to be over 70) in a wagon, with all its inconveniences is but a trifle for a missionary, still, however, as his lordship remarked, it was enough to improve one’s appetite or dispel the cravings of hunger. Amid the joyous ringing of bells from the abbey church and towers, two dust-covered, travel-stained lines of vehicles entered the grounds. Our own party was preceded by the Rt. Rev. Theo. Meerschaert’s, who came from another direction.

A welcome, such as you receive at Sacred Heart, causes you to exclaim, this is brotherly! And truly so it was, not only from the hearty greetings, but because brothers were again together from many parishes, missions and neighboring dioceses.

The evening before the solemnity was one that made an impression on the visitors long to be remembered. The good Sisters of Mercy, of St. Mary’s Academy near by, had prepared a surprise for the abbot-elect and his guests. The young girls of the Pottawattomie tribe of Indians entertained the company with a very pleasing drama, “From Darkness to Light,” in which they showed much skill considering how far they are removed from